THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XLIII.

Et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te proxima myrtus,
Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.
VIRGIL.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

As I perceive your plan, like that of Coleman and Thornton, in the "Connoisseur," and like that of your relation, *Solomon* Saunter, in "Literary Leisure," admits Poetry as well as Prose, which one may feed upon alternately, as we eat bread and cheese, I send you a translation, from the German of LESSING, and some fugitive ORIGINALS.

I am, yours,

HARLEY.

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece?

Ah, replied my gentle fair,
Beloved, what are names but air!
Take thou whatever suits the line,
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
But don't forget to call me—*thine.*

The Integer Vitæ, of Horace, and the *English* Sapphics, of Dr. Watts, suggested the following imitation. I have the vanity to affirm, that it is more legitimate, in its construction, and more obedient to the laws of prosody, than Southey's hobbling "Widow."

The man, in whose breast the tender recollection
Lives of his lov'd one, woven with his heart strings,
Needs not, my Hannah, fear the wily snares of
Venus or Cupid.

Whether, through groves of amaranth and roses,
Careless he wanders, with the rural beauty;
Or in the ball-room, round the gay assembly,
Darts he his glances.

Far from my fair one, from my native land far,
Late as I journied—many a blooming charmer
Rose to my view, yet still my stedfast bosom
Saw them unshaken.

Saw them unshaken, though their brilliant charms were
Bright as Circassia's daughters ever boasted,
Bright as the visions of poetic Fancy
Picture the graces.

Place me in regions, where no kind affections
Cheer the dull moments of the savage hunter,
Where no sweet commerce of congenial feelings,
Softens his hard heart.

Place me, or rather, where the sun of beauty
Beams o'er the soul his richest radiations,
There shall my Fancy, faithful to its object,
Fly to my fair one.

THE COMPARISON.

The author was asked whether Love did not make him a Poet, and returned this answer.

When first I learnt the tuneful art,
No grief my simple bosom knew;
I felt not Love's alluring smart,
I thought not flattering Fame my due.

And Oh! what bliss, beyond compare,
By Weisa's willow'd banks reclin'd;
To tune the reed in careless air,
Responsive to the rustling wind.—

Now tyrant Love's submissive slave,
I bow beneath his weighty chains;
From Fame's eternal grove I crave,
One wreath to recompense my pains.

Ah! Love, though pleasing, has its woes,
Which deeply probe the feeling breast;
And Fame, though rich its colouring glows,
Soothes not the sorrowing soul to rest.

HORACE, BOOK III, ODE XXVI,* TRANSLATED.

Erewhile, alive to Love's alarms,
My breast beat high to beauty's charms,
I woo'd, I won the fair;
But now the pleasing conflict's o'er,
My arms I quit, my lute no more
Warbles the wanton air.

In sea-born Venus' sacred shrine,
My love's artillery I resign,
Here, here, my leavers lie;
Torches and sabres, bearing fate,
To many a proud opposing gate,
Which durst access deny.

Oh! thou, that o'er the Cyprian isle,
And Memphis, ray'st thy beamy smile,
Repressing winter's frown;
Oh, Goddess! hear my sole request,
Let youthful Chloe's haughty breast,
For once thy rigours own.

* Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi, non sine gloria:
Nunc arma defunctumque bello,
Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic, hic, ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.
O, qua beatam diva tenes Cyprum, et
Memphin, carentem Sigonia nive
Regina, sublimi flagello,
Tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF READING.—AN ESSAY.

There are three principal and distinct motives for reading. For *instruction*—for *amusement*—from *vanity*. The two first are laudable, though not in equal degree. The last is one of the most innocent sorts of vanity. It injures no one, and has the merit of providing occupation for idleness. The most powerful and most universal of these motives is the second. Very few persons can submit to the toil of reading for mere instruction; and even when that is the principal object of the reader, he requires that the other should be combined with it, that the pleasant should be blended with the useful.

This disposion should never be forgotten, by those who write for the public. There are few subjects, very few indeed, but are susceptible more or less of ornament. In the hands of genius, every thing bursts into life; the dullest topic may be enlivened by the manner in which it is treated, as the most insipid food may be rendered palatable, by the seasoning of a skilful cook. These remarks are so obvious, that they may be thought unnecessary. But what loads of weariness would be removed from the shoulders of the public, if those who undertake to think for the world adapted their conduct to the rules, resulting from them!

It is unfortunately difficult for an author impartially to judge his own compositions before he commits them to the press; and perhaps no less difficult to obtain a just and impartial judgment from others. If his own mental eyes are quenched with the drop serene of self-love, those of his friends will be veiled with the dim suffusion of their attachment. Besides it is not given to every man of science or letters to possess friends capable of passing a just sentence upon his writings. Pope intimates a doubt whether, to *judge* well, requires not a greater portion of skill than to *write* well; and although they are acts which demand the exercise of different faculties, it will seldom be found that one is possessed, in any eminent degree, without the other. Nothing is more common in literary history, than the existence of a book for many years without meeting even in the public a competent judge; and the more a writer is elevated above the common standard of his age and country, the more liable he is to this inconvenience. When Milton published his Paradise Lost, he was justly appretiated by Andrew Marvel, and Dryden, and Barrow, but notwithstanding they gave the sum of their opinions concerning him to the world, their commendations were considered as mere hyperbolical extravagance, for nearly half a century, and it was not until Addison's Spectators had proved it, by formal and regular criticism, that the English public believed their language could boast of a poet greater than Homer. Even at this day, when the number of writers and of readers has increased so prodigiously, when every village has its bookseller and every family its library, when reading has become an universal practice, and tribunals of criticism publish their monthly judgments upon all new publications to form the opinion and guide the taste of readers, the art of deciding upon literary merit is very far from having attained its perfection. Take for instance the Monthly Review, perhaps the best of the English periodical critics. Examine its opinions upon all the considerable publications of the last thirty years; Score up its unmerited panegyrics upon the forgotten trifles, which lived in the transient hour of fashion. Note down the works of genuine merit, upon which it has passed the censure of prejudice or of malice or of ignorance, and you will be surprized to find how rare a talent, it is with accurate and circumstantial discrimination, to form an unbiassed opinion upon the labours of genius and

learning. In comparing the vast numbers of readers in the present age, with the frequency, I might almost say the generality of erroneous opinions formed concerning writers, you will likewise infer how large a proportion of readers for amusement there are, in comparison with the readers for instruction. Amuse your reader therefore, if you wish to be read.

This precept is of such importance that it should never sleep in the mind of an author. It ought not however to be considered as the sole qualification necessary for durable success. It must be limited by the nature of the author's work. In books of abstract science, it is confined within the narrowest boundaries: in historical composition, its domain becomes more extensive; in the creations of fiction it is commensurate with the realms of fancy. Never, never should it be suffered to overstep the barriers of truth and virtue.

The neglect of this last caution has had more pernicious consequences in the world, than that of the precept itself. It is in the natural progress, from the perfection to the decay of letters, and is at once the cause and effect of an exaggerated importance, attached to the rule of furnishing readers with *amusement*.

It then becomes a question by what means the universal desire of amusement among readers is to be gratified. Experience alone can give the answer. From experience it appears, that the most effectual mode of amusing the greatest number of readers is by addresses to their *senses* and their *imagination*. Hence the power of harmonious numbers in poetry: hence the universal delight in fictitious narrative; which is so great, that this department of literature comprehends almost exclusively, nine tenths of all the readers in the world. But reading, as far as instruction is its object, occupies only the *memory* and the *judgment*; operations of the mind, which, from the nature of man, are as toilsome, as the others are agreeable.

There is likewise a great and important distinction between reading for the exercise of the memory, and reading for the exercise of the judgment. So important indeed, that it involves all the essential controversies concerning the best system of education, and even the fundamental question between the church of Rome and all the various sects of protestants. The memory is merely a faculty to receive, contain and report words, or ideas. The judgment is an active power, which compares, combines, discriminates, and decides. The Roman church is founded upon the principle that the christian faith is merely an object of memory; that its every doctrine must be inculcated, as truth uncontrovertible; that the disciple has nothing to do but adore and believe; that he must not decide, ought not to discuss, and even need not understand the articles of his faith. The protestants on the contrary contend in theory that the creed of every man ought to be subject to the scrutiny of his own reason. That he must be made to understand, what he is required to believe, and that religious faith ought to be the result only of conviction. I say they contend in theory, because if the catholic axiom in its unqualified rigor is absurd, that of the protestants appears impracticable, and they themselves are so far from carrying it into full practice, that they all have their forms of creed, and their articles of faith.

The system of education formerly pursued in schools and universities was likewise defective from being too much founded upon the principle of exercising the memory. The defect most dangerous in the theories of education at the present day, is, on the contrary, the professed neglect and contempt of knowledge resting only upon memory. Hence the exaggerated importance, in former times, and the contemptuous depreciation, now prevalent, of the languages as objects of study.

But the memory is a faculty which unfolds itself in the human mind much earlier than the judgment. Children remember long before they understand, and the powers of the judgment are in a great degree proportioned to the intellectual wealth, previously stored up in the memory. It is therefore conformable to the course and dictates of nature, to begin education by employing and furnishing the memory; and thus languages are the earliest proper objects of study for children.

By neglecting this, the difficulty of instructing for the judgment increases, when the period arrives at which youth are capable of receiving it, and the consequence is that they continue to be taught by the exercise of the memory, when they ought to have the judgment chiefly employed. The habit of reasoning is seldom instigated, seldom encouraged, and always too narrowly limited. Opinions and systems are taught in the same manner now, as languages had been before, and the student is launched from his college into the world with scarce an idea upon any subject, but what he has received from his teachers and their academical books.

I have stated that the exercise of the judgment is a toilsome and a difficult operation of the mind, and I have shewn that the faculty itself is extremely rare. But as this is one of the cases, in which self-love is the most apt to flatter and deceive itself, there are several rules which every person, who reads for instruction, should prescribe to himself, the more effectually to secure his purpose.

He should distinguish between those parts of an author's work which he ought to consider as merely objects of memory, and those upon which he ought to pass judgment, and they will vary accordingly to the degree of his knowledge, upon the subject of which the writer treats.

Thus, for instance, the contents of a mathematical treatise, are objects only for the memory: but the order, connection and method of demonstration pursued by the writer are objects for the judgment, to those who are versed in the subject. The facts recorded by an historian are only funds for the memory; but the veracity of the historian, his manner of narrating, his style, his reflections and reasoning, appeal continually to the reader's judgment. In works of imagination, whether bearing the semblance of history, poetry, or philosophy, every thing is amenable to the tribunal of the reader's judgment. Whoever wishes therefore to make his reading serve in the utmost degree possible to his improvement, ought to read every book he takes up, with the same application of mind which a judge thinks necessary, for the decision of a litigated cause.

This is neither common in practice, nor easy of execution. But it may be facilitated by observing a methodical order of examination. By a series of standing interrogatories, to which the internal evidence of every book may be held to furnish the answers. The most important of these questions, and the order in which they should be put, seem to me to be as follows.

1. What was the general purpose of the author?—It may happen that he had more than one; but that is what every good writer should avoid, as it trespasses upon the principle of unity recorded by Aristotle, but prescribed by sound reason. An author can concentrate a great variety of purposes in the same work, but they should all be subordinate to one principal object, and as far as possible contribute towards it. The general custom of good writers, is at an early stage of their works, to declare their purpose: this should receive peculiar attention from the reader, as it will be the great point of reference from every subsequent part of the book.

It often happens that a writer does not announce his purpose; and sometimes he alleges a false one, or disguises the real one, under the mask of a subordinate object. It then becomes the reader's duty to discover what is thus veiled or concealed; to distinguish the true purpose, under the varnish of the pretence, and to trace the motive, which inspired the deception. This operation is extremely difficult to perform. It requires penetration without subtlety, and impartiality without indifference. *Penetration*, because, if an author means to keep his purpose secret, he will use address to lead his reader into mistake, and be continually raising a phantom to conceal the lurking felon. But not *subtlety*, because that would always be busy to make a secret purpose, if it cannot find one; and lavish a mint of ingenuity to prove that a plummet is a cork-screw. *Impartiality*, because without that, there can be no justice of decision. But not indifference, because with that there can be no ardour of research.

2. How the author has executed his purpose? And this leads to the analysis of the work. To the nature and mechanical arrangement of its parts. To the consideration of the style, and to meditation upon the sentiments, which characterize the book. The first question is to be pursued with the spirit of the moralist, but the second must be examined with the skill of an artist.

3. What is the particular utility of the book to the reader? I state this question here, because though it should enter into the consideration of every person, before he begins to read a work, yet he must then necessarily form his determination from the opinions of others, and cannot judge for himself. Nor is it to be called a superfluous question, after the trouble of reading has been gone through; for a single perusal can never suffice, to collect the valuable matter from a really useful work, and time is too precious to be wasted in reading over again such as are not so. This is a complicated question; the answer to which depends not merely upon the nature of the work, but much upon the situation and circumstances of the reader. It is to be decided exclusively, neither by the moral merit of the author's purpose, nor by the scientific or literary merit of his execution. An ill design well conducted, or a good design ill conducted, may be made as useful and instructive to a thinking mind, as the most accomplished combination of moral and intellectual merit. They cannot confer the same pleasure, but may be of equal profit. If after reading a book you can answer satisfactorily these three questions, you may conclude you have read to good purpose. But whatever your love of letters may be, if you neglect them, and forget to mingle meditation with study, you must be content to class yourself among the readers for amusement alone.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, No. 2.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

To govern England on this broad basis of equality, was the system upon which the opposition members of parliament acted, during the reign of Charles I. of England.

Now let us see what were the means then employed, to put into operation this system, and what the effects which flowed from it. There

are, sir, in every country, certain periods, critical moments, so pregnant with important events, that the future fortune of nations is often directed by the manner in which these eventful periods are considered and treated by the leading men of the times. Such were the periods of Charles I. of England, and Louis XVI. of France.... Charles came to the throne just as the public sentiment respecting the divine rights of kings began to turn a little from that straight course, from which heretofore it had never deviated one step. His mind was full of kingly prerogative, and hereditary right; the public mind, on the contrary, began to discern new privileges and national interests, which militated with these high prerogative notions, but which they were resolved, nevertheless, to attain. The constitution had marked out to the king a certain sphere to move in, sufficiently extensive for his own dignity, and the welfare of the nation. Within this orbit the parliament and nation resolved that Charles should move.

As an effectual step, towards the accomplishment of this plan, they voted their youthful monarch, whom they had taught to expect the most liberal supplies, the small and insufficient sum of one hundred and twelve thousand pounds. No wonder that Charles was thunderstruck, mortified and provoked. He had just entered into hostilities with a powerful nation, Spain, with whom the parliament wished to go to war, and whom his people had long viewed with a jealous eye. But the parliament had laid thier plan to restrain the power of the crown. And here, sir, let us pause for a moment; for we cannot read of this period in the history of the unfortunate Charles, without some reflections, equally solid as useful, naturally suggesting themselves. We learn from this interesting narrative, what baneful and pernicious consequences may result from causes, fair in appearance, and honest in meaning, and which promise nothing but advantage and interest to the commonwealth: for the integrity of heart, and uprightness of views of Hambden, and the other leaders of that important scene, will never be impeached by the impartial and candid reader. The resistance of Hambden, to the demand of the king for ship money, was surely patriotic and noble; it afforded a long wished for opportunity to secure more permanently the liberties of the people of England, by ascertaining the extent of prerogative, and by rendering it more dangerous and difficult for the king to govern without the aid of parliament. Yet, notwithstanding these just and constitutional proceedings of parliament, notwithstanding the honest views and patriotic efforts of Hambden and Stafford, all the bloody wars which desolated England in those days, the degeneracy of manners, the subversion of religion, and the destruction of the constitution, were the result of those noble endeavours, and apparently wise measures, to fix on a more solid basis, the religion and liberty of the country. The wholesome lessons which this period of history teaches, are manifold: it shews the necessity for legislators, those I mean who have the interest of their country at heart, to limit and circumscribe their views, when they enter upon any great political object. The temper of the English nation, at the time I speak of, strongly inclined towards a reformation in its religious and political systems; it was right and prudent to take advantage of it; but when they had persuaded, or forced the king into a compliance with such measures as meliorated the condition of the subject, and effectually secured the liberty of the country, here the parliament should have stopped. But the animated struggle between the monarch and his people, had raised such a spirit of freedom, nay, had awakened such a spirit of licentiousness, and given birth to such new ideas in the breasts of thousands, that objects much more extensive, and views much more prejudicial to kingly power, began now to occupy the public attention, and fire the hopes of the restless and ambitious part of the nation. The party of Hambden was no more; for even men of virtue and talents were dazzled by the false glitter that was artfully produced, to blind the judgment, and delude the understanding. The artillery which had so long been turned against royal prerogative, and church tyranny, should now have been used against this new faction, a more deadly foe to liberty than the most violent excesses of prerogative. But a circumstance, common in such cases, occured in this one. Each party became grafted into the one that followed; Hambden's into Sir Henry Vane's, and Sir Henry Vane's into Cromwell's, and each succeeding faction grew more violent, and strayed farther from the path of justice and the constitution.

AURELIUS.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FIFTH.

BENEFIT OF THE AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE TO EUROPE.

CHAPTER V.

IN CONTINUATION.

If it were possible for one nation to keep itself apart from all others, colonies might, without inconvenience, be dispensed with. But in Europe this is no longer possible. For, I believe, the most despotic governments in Europe would now find it impossible, to tear their people asunder from the commercial chain, which connects them all together. If it were possible to return to the condition of savages, this might be practicable, and it would, perhaps, in a physical point of view, be better than the present state of things. But this appears to be altogether contrary to the plan of Providence, which seems designed to connect nations together, by commerce, for their mutual advancement towards perfection. Commerce brings into circulation, not only the productions of various countries, but also the knowledge, gathered by various nations, and produces a reciprocal communication of their moral light; because this light, which irradiates the understanding, struggles according to the law of elasticity, on all sides, to reach an equilibrium, and from the most enlightened places, flows in streams towards those which are still oppressed by the dark and heavy atmosphere of ignorance.

The tropical productions, such as sugar, coffee, &c. might, indeed, be directly prohibited, but it would avail but little, for they could still be used in secret, and it might perhaps, even in despotic countries, excite an insurrection. Such rooted habits can perhaps no longer be eradicated. Coffee has been prohibited in Sweden. The prohibition has, however, been taken off again, whether from necessity, or from the inconsistency so common among governments. The prohibition of sugar, would be still more difficult.

There is one other measure, which might provide against the disadvantageous consequences of importing tropical productions, and reduce commerce to a mere barter trade. A people would thus be precluded from purchasing more foreign goods, than they could pay for with their own productions. Commerce and its benefits would continue, but its evils would vanish. But as this measure is no less than the abolition of all money, instead of which, it would then be necessary to substitute something else, to represent things, as it would be a complicated operation,* the practicability of which is not yet proved, inasmuch as obstacles almost insuperable would be brought, on all sides, against it, and as I cannot here enter upon the developement of an entire system, I shall say no more on this subject; especially, seeing that money is the holy of holies, to the present generation, whose inviolable sanctity might not be too nearly approached by any man, unwilling to raise an universal outcry against him.

So long, however, as money shall exist, its exportation, and the purchase of more foreign goods, than can be paid for with the productions of the country, cannot be hindered. Money, and gold especially, is too easy to carry away, unperceived, for its exportation to be effectually prevented; and we must do so much justice to the pecuniary system, as to acknowledge, that it is favourable to individual liberty, by making it possible for a man to escape with his money, out of despotic countries, so that there is no possibility to prevent it, without an open attack upon the right of property, which, even in despotic governments, is considered as the foundation of society.

So long, therefore, as the pecuniary system is not abolished, and utterly overthrown, there is no possible remedy against the disadvantages which arise from holding no colonies which raise tropical productions. And it is by no means to the honour of governments, to wish for foreign trade, and a great deal of money, and yet to neglect settling colonies, even when their countries are washed by the sea. This shews a want of a systematical knowledge in the science of government, and much inconsistency. Government in general, has hitherto been carried on under all sorts of constitutions, according to an established routine. It is extraordinary, that a man must be examined, in order to obtain a paltry office of burgomaster, and that no man has ever yet undergone an examination to ascertain, whether he is qualified to govern a nation? and thus, under all sorts of constitutions.

Even the most enlightened rulers, have fallen into this contradiction. They, as well as others, have considered trade as the basis of national power: they have accordingly aimed at getting much money, and retaining it in their country. But they did not reflect that, for this purpose, according to the new order of things, it is necessary to have tropical colonies. Their common saying is, that trade must flourish in their states; but while they endeavoured to advance it, by immediate and instantaneous encouragements, they destroyed it by their general arrangements. Manufactures were directly supported, and indirectly suppressed. Agriculture was favoured by advances of money, and even by the most generous donations; but laws and establishments, which obstructed its improvement, were suffered to remain. This is the conduct of a physician, unable to discover the root of diseases, or to eradicate them; who, therefore, leaves them subsisting, and without stopping up the sources of the pain, only seeks to soften it with palliatives.

Such has been the conduct of governments, famed for their wisdom; it is easy to infer what has been that of the bunglers in government. The spirit, and the consequences of the modern mercantile and pecuniary system, appear to have been not at all understood. Thus, for example, various attempts have been made, to form a mi-

* This operation, consists, in a word, in the abolition of money, instead of which should be substituted assignats hypothecated upon the annual productions of the national industry. The Swede, Wadstrom, in a small French paper, furnished me with the germ of this idea. But he has not at all unfolded it. Perhaps at some future time, I may return to this subject.

litary state. They have not, however, succeeded, and I know of no modern military state: the causes are easily understood.

In order to excite, and to form a military spirit in a nation, certain previous radical operations must be performed, for which the legislators of our days, have probably not sufficient vigour, and which might perhaps surpass the powers of any one man.

The elector of Bradenburg, Frederick William, was a man of genius. He perceived, that in order to keep pace with others, it was necessary to possess colonies. He had a settlement in Africa. Had he lived longer, something might have been made of it. His successors abandoned it.

But Providence, which repairs the evils produced by the absurdities of man, has so conducted the affairs of the world, that the disadvantages which flow from the want of colonies in tropical climates, are considerably diminished, and must finally be altogether done away. Diminished, by the bad colonial policy of Spain; and doomed to be done away, by the independence of North America; not indeed by that event itself, but by its consequences.

Spain allows scarcely any tropical productions to be raised in her colonies. She draws from them nothing but gold and silver; and as she does not raise, by her own manufactures, the articles wanted by her colonists, she purchases them from other nations, especially from the northern countries, and pays gold and silver for them; hence the north possesses the precious metals, to a much higher amount than were otherwise possible. Hence the northern nations, who in regular course, must constantly lose, in their commerce with those of the south, are enabled to maintain a certain commercial importance in the trading world.

The independence of America, by itself, would not produce so great a commercial revolution, as its consequences, by setting an example to the other English colonies. For the United States produce none of the tropical articles; but other colonies, where they are, or at least may be produced, will follow this example, and separate themselves from England. Thus, Bengal, and the whole English East-India possessions, may already be considered as an independent state, which will open its harbours to all nations. If the officers of the English East-India company's army should continue in subjection to the mother country, it will be upon such conditions as they shall prescribe, one of which, very possibly, may be a free trade with all nations.

Other powerful colonies will sever themselves from the parent country, and all nations will then be enabled to draw themselves, their tropical productions, from the European settlements, and purchase them at the first hand, without intermediate trade. The states without colonies will not indeed obtain all the advantages which they would have enjoyed, by settling colonies themselves; for England, by her superiority of manufactures, and navigation, will remain in possession of the chief colonial trade, unless her manufactures should, by revolutions, be transported elsewhere. But they will, at least, save the cost of an intermediate trade, and this, of itself, is a considerable gain.

I do not believe, however, that England will, on this account, cease to settle colonies: taught by experience, she will indeed, proceed upon more accurate principles, in founding them. Africa will be colonized in a better manner. No miserable culprits will be sent there, but in their stead, industrious families. A small attempt only will be made, for a beginning; only a few colonists will be sent at first, and the colony will be very gradually strengthened. It will thus cost but little, and remain longer dependent. The metropolis will be repaid, with usury, the capital expended, and the commerce with the mother country will strike such deep roots, the colonists will be so habituated to her manufactures, that even in case their independence should ensue, their commercial relations with her will continue, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

A separation from the mother country, is, besides, less to be apprehended from a colony founded by good citizens, as from one, settled by lawless miscreants, to whom no ties are sacred. But should the separation ensue, the mother country will have learnt, by experience, not to wage war against the colonists on that account, but to acknowledge their independence, and to obtain an ally, where she loses a subject colony. It would, perhaps, in general, be more advantageous to declare the colony, from the first, independent of the mother country, and merely to protect it.

The benefit of colonies in Africa, would be important to the north of Europe, by the circumstance, that they could exchange the tropical articles for corn, and other productions of the north. The north of Europe would then be to Africa, what North America is to the West-Indies. Thus commercial intercourse would be highly benificial, and commerce would be thus constantly approximating to the auspicious nature of barter.

A state without a naval force, might perhaps, even now, establish an advantageous colony, under the protection of the jealousy subsisting between the maritime powers, without hazarding much, and by applying only small means to the object at first. Should the colony succeed, it would furnish great advantages; should it fail, the loss would be a mere trifle. Should it in time become powerful and independent, friends and allies in foreign quarters of the world would be acquired, and the strength of the mother country thus be doubled. The western coast of Africa would be the properest place for the settlemnet of such a colony.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

As I approached the town, not long since, in company with the *hours*,* I observed a gentleman of a composed countenance, looking steadily out of the window; and though I am superior to the influence of flattery, I could not help thinking very favourably of his character, as he greeted me in the following friendly manner:—

> Come evening once again, season of peace,
> Return sweet evening, and continue long;
> Me thought I saw thee in the streaky west,
> With matron step, slow moving, while the night,
> Trode on thy sweeping train.

Pleased with this salutation, I entered the house, and soon found, that I was a welcome, though a constant visitor. As the curtains were let down, the lamps lighted, and the shutters closed, the cares of the day seemed to be shut out, while cheerfulness played round every heart, and brightened every face. The wind, which sometimes "swept the bolted shutter," served only to endear my presence, and add value to those calm domestic pleasures, which so few are formed to feel, or know how to estimate. I soon recognized in the gentleman an old acquaintance, who had paid me the most assiduous attention while at the university. I recollected, at once, with what ardour he spent those hours, devoted by many of his companions to revelry, in exploring the causes of the various phenomena of the natural world, or in tracing the operations of the mind. Sometimes he would relax the rigorous discipline, which he had imposed upon himself, by indulging his taste for classical learning and elegant miscellany. If he courted the muses, it was in secret; and he was never found sporting upon the enchanted grounds of fancy, when the more serious labours of his situation demanded his attention. Such was the generous enthusiasm of his mind, that no obstacles could discourage him, in the pursuit of knowledge; and such his firmness of virtuous principle, that no temptation could seduce him into the "primrose path of dalliance." He had now been married a few years to a woman, whose taste, habits, and views of life were congenial with his own, and whose education and talents claimed the respect of the wise and the learned. With such a companion to direct the affairs of the household, and to superintend the education of two children, who were amusing themselves upon the sofa, with their story boooks, he found all the satisfaction, which so imperfect a state of being as this can bestow, and no misfortunes, but such as come alike to the good and the bad, the wise and unwise, had disturbed the still current of domestic joys.

After tea, he took a volume of Mrs. Robinson's memoirs, which had been accidentally left at his house, and proceeded to read aloud for the entertainment of an hour. He laid down the book, and after pausing for a few minutes, observed, that the publication of such books appeared to him to be among the new inventions for depriving vice of its grossness, and rendering it palatable, by uniting it with the engaging qualities of the heart. The time has been, continued he, when the history of infamy was studiously concealed from the world; when a life of penitence and tears was required to wash away the stains of honour; but now, books of this description make no small part of the literature of the day. They fill our circulating libraries, are recommended to public notice in advertisements, and soon become soiled by constant use. In this way, young persons are led through the blandishments of fashionable depravity, and taught that fine moral lesson, which may be gleaned from this volume, "of conjugal virtue subdued by an untoward combination of circumstances." It is thus, that crimes become illustrious, by the sanction of great names, and those decorations of language and fancy, which ingenious writers, though destitute of moral taste, can bestow. It now frequently happens, that women, who have wandered from virtue, instead of repairing as far as possible the injury which has been done to society, by an example of penitence and reformation, hasten to blazon their own shame, by publishing memoirs, detailing the several steps which led to ruin; or if unable to accomplish it themselves, assign the task of perpetuating the memory of guilt to some beloved friend. It is true, that this legacy generally comes in the shape of an apology or vindication, and a tax of sympathetic sorrow is levied upon the indulgent reader. It is too true, that many will lay down such a book with a sigh, and observe, that she was beautiful, and of course exposed to temptation, that she possessed talents, and is entitled to our admiration; but with all she was unfortunate and deserves our pity. Let us forget her follies, and cherish the memory of her virtues.

As he was proceeding, two of his friends came in, and the conversation took a different turn.

* In addition to the many peculiarities, which belong to my character, some of which have already been mentioned, I think it proper to observe, that whenever I am *cheerful* and *serene*, I always adorn myself with a star, whose soft twinkling gives early notice of my coming. I hope, however, none of your readers will be alarmed for the safety of their civil rights, or think me disposed to "countenance anti-republican tendencies."

As I may probably make another visit to this charming family before I leave town, I will trouble you with no further communications at present.

I am, as usual, yours, &c.

WINTER EVENING.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH.

PROSSER V. COOPER.

This was an action to recover a sum of 100l. paid to the defendant in 1799, on a tontine scheme advertised by him. The scheme was read in Court. It proposed terms of advantage before unheard of. Mr. Cooper, who was the principal, if not the sole agent in it, stated himself to be a barrister, and gave for his residence the Castle of Norwich, which, as was stated by the plaintiff's Counsel, is also the jail of Norwich. It was stated in the proposals that the distribution was to take place in 1808. Ten thousand pounds were then to be divided among the surviving subscribers, who were also to enjoy an annuity of 1000l. a year, together with a dividend of a further sum of 25,000l. in a short time after, all stated to be secured on landed estates; but no mention was made of the place, where these estates were situated. The proposal also stated that from the number of persons who had given in their names, the subscription was expected to be very soon filled, and, therefore, it called upon those who may be disposed to lay out their money in such an advantageous way, to apply immediately.

The Counsel, for the defence, objected to the reading of the printed proposals, as being unstamped, and, therefore, so far as they constituted a part of the contract or agreement in question, not valid in law. This objection was over-ruled, on the ground that the proposal was not, in itself, an agreement, but merely an explanation of an instrument, legally executed, and adverted to in that instrument, and that of course it was to be allowed in evidence, in the same manner as the printed and unstamped proposals of an insurance company are, every day, allowed in explanation of policies on insurance causes. In the proposals it had been said, that subscriptions would be received in many of the most respectable banks. Mr. Hobbes said, he had given his consent to receive subscriptions at the bank to which he belonged, if any other respectable bank came forward in the business. No subscription had, however, been paid into the bank of Messrs. Hobbes and Co. nor into any other of the banks referred to, neither had any of them seen Mr. Cooper in the way of business after; he had never called to make any inquiry about the state of the subscription. Mr. Nichols, of Fleet-street, was mentioned, in the original proposals, as secondary, with his own consent; but he soon after withdrew his name, and declined all concern. Several letters, written in the course of the last year, were read; in these letters the plaintiff demanded an account of the state of the fund, and the defendant sent, in answer, that the subscription was not yet filled, but that now we had more favorable times, and he expected it to be filled without delay, when he would give the plaintiff immediate information.

The defendant's Counsel endeavoured to shew that this money had been paid on a contract of which no breach had been proved, and that, therefore, the action could not stand; but this was also over-ruled. A notice served on the defendant's attorney, to produce a list of the lands mentioned in the proposal, and the circumstances in which these lands are, was also read; but the defendant's Counsel thought it improper to make any further resistance.

Verdict for the plaintiff—115l.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The comedy of As you Like it, attracted a numerous and fashionable audience.

Although Shakespare, in this admirable Drama, borrowed not only the plot, but most of the characters from Lodge's Novel of Rosalynd; yet some of the Dramatis Personæ, among whom Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, take the lead, are the emanations of his own unrivalled genius.

Cooke in Jaques was the great novelty of the performance. The part, however marked with satyrical humour, and singularity of expression, is still more to be distinguished for axioms that are practical, and for remarks that strongly tend to the improvement of mankind. They are, indeed, those by which, to use the impressive language of our greatest critic—"a Hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions". Mr. Cooke's conception of the character is similar to that which Mr Kemble has already exemplified in his masterly delineation of it. If we were called upon to make a distinction between them, we might be warranted in saying, that the grand outline by Kemble is more finished; but that in particular passages Cooke is superior. The motives which induce Jaques to request leave to speak his mind, and—

> "Cleanse the foul Body of the infected World,"

certainly do not spring from any thing like a settled principle of misanthropy: but from his own remarks on human depravity, which prompt him to be the advocate of that reformation, so necessary in his mind, to the happpiness of his fellow-creatures. He is sad, but his sadness is mild and unruffled; he is severe, but his severity is tempered by sensibility and benevolence. His reflections, though probably suggested by his own disappointments, are not tinctured with the spirit of implacable resentment; and we cannot forget his own words, that "his rumination wraps him in a most humorous sadness." He is also a voluntary exile, and chooses rather to bury himself in a cloister with the penitent usurper, than return to the world, with his companions of the forest. In short, Jaques is not the enemy, but the monitor of society. He speaks daggers, but uses none; his tongue wags most rudely, but his heart sympathizes with the sufferings even of the brute creation. He is frequently sarcastic, sometimes contemptuous, but his end is always good.

Such appeared to be the view Cooke took of this character. His best passage was unquestionably that in which he moralizes the spectacle of the poor deer left and abandoned by his velvet friends. The lines—

> "Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens;
> 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
> Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

were given with exquisite feeling, and rewarded with an universal burst of applause.

We are inclined to think that in delivering the Seven Ages, he has mistaken the poet's sense. He considers it merely as an address or answer to the Duke. It is indeed true that the latter gives room for the remarks by his immediately preceding observation—

> "Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy.
> This wide and universal Theatre
> Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
> Wherein we play;"

But though this reflection is the instantaneous cause of the contemplations in which Jaques indulges, yet these melancholy contemplations belong more to the inward workings of the mind, and should assume the character of soliloquy, in which their effect becomes more powerful.

Knight has studied Touchstone with great care, and performed it with every possible effect.

The Orlando of Brunton has the merit of correctness; and Murray's Adam deserves praise.

Miss Murray, in Rosalind, was superior to our expectations, but to make her performance truly interesting, she must throw a little more animation into the lively scenes. Mrs. Mattocks proved the cause of much merriment in Audrey.

The pantomime of the Four Seasons produced, in point of business, scenery, tricks, and mechanical transformation, the highest gratification to the admirers of this fantastical species of entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Randolph, the keeper of the *prezzidoliad*-secrets, and the pert pioneer of the Government party, in the House of Representatives, took occasion to introduce the name of the late governor of Virginia, with wonderful *eclat*, during his speech, on Mr. Griswold's motion. "That *able* and *eminent* man, that *faithful* and *illustrious* public servant," are the epithets by which the *stripling* meant to designate *James Monroe*. "Juvenis arcum flectere tentat Ulyssis." All this fuss is now quite explained in the nomination of Mr. Monroe, as envoy extraordinary to the Court of Spain. The reading of the speech which Monroe (is said to have) pronounced in the Virginia Convention, in 1788, was, it is presumed, only introductory to the nomination. There is *no hope* but that this nomination will be *confirmed* by the Senate, and thus the dearest rights, and the most precious interests of our country, are again *confided* to the *guardianship* of Mr. Monroe.

This choice of a negociator, to adjust differences between Spain and the United States, ought to excite sober reflection. We are not going *to abuse* the President's envoy—this is not the way to convince people of his *incapacity*, his *ignorance*, his *total unfitness* for a diplomatic station. It is enough that *he has been tried* and *found wanting*, in all, except these requisites. After reading Mr. Monroe's *vindication* of his conduct as minister plenipotentiary to the French republic, we think his enemies need search for no other testimony, as to the rate of his talents for negotiation. How singular we may be, in the opinion, we are about to express, we cannot calculate, but it is the settled, well considered, and deep-rooted belief, of the writer of this article, that all the differences, and all the outrages, that happened between the French republic and the United States, are ascribable to the *mental imbecility* of James Monroe.

It might be some satisfaction to hear, from official authority, whether this special envoy to the Court of Spain, is to be instructed to give assurances to the Spanish Monarch, that the *infraction* of the "treaty of friendship, limits, and navigation" of 1795, is *viewed with peculiar complacency* by the citizens of the United States;

and that any depredations upon our commerce, which, to promote the interest of his subjects, it may be found expedient to make, will be submitted to, not only without a murmur, but "with pleasure." This, we have understood, is the style of negotiation *most familiar to the envoy.* Except Mr. Dawson, there is no *Virginian*, whom we should not have thought of, as a special envoy, sooner than Mr. Monroe.

—

If the people of the western country are willing to wait for the designation of an establishment, on the banks of the Missisippi, as a place of deposite for their goods, wares, and merchandise, equivalent to the port of New-Orleans, until the successful termination of Mr. Monroe's negotiation, who can of right complain of the delay? The merchants of the Atlantic states carry on so *inconsiderable a trade* with New-Orleans, that *Mr. Randolph* thinks their Representatives, in Congress, ought to leave all expressions of zeal, for the expediting the question of free navigation, to the southern delegates; but then *he* cannot possibly speak *unless the doors be closed.* This affectation of *privacy* is very becoming the maiden innocence of Randolph.

—

We shall thank any of our expert calculators to make an estimate of the *probable cost* of the province of Louisiana. It is said to be estimated at ten millions sterling, by its present owner, and we wish to know, if our envoy is to be empowered to *bid higher*, or take it at that *price.*

—

It is understood, that closing the doors of the House of Representatives, is a measure adopted for the exclusive benefit of Duane, who is thereby enabled to give the readers of the Aurora, the earliest intelligence of all *secret* transactions.

—

In every commonwealth, a vast majority of the common people have an habitual aversion to literature, and a swinish sulkiness towards every thing that looks like talents. This is in the front rank of objections to that *simple* form of government.

—

From the blind credulity of some, the exuberant fancy of others, and the asinine stupidity of more, modes of polity, which are a continual libel upon experience, and a perpetual blister upon the heart of every honest and every liberal man, are established and submitted to, by one succession of fanatic democrats after another, who, are in fact, as abject slaves, as any who are "damn'd to the mines" of Idra, or bastinadoed, by a cadi at Algiers.

—

The *age of reason* is fully restored at Washington. Men sit calmly, without any apprehension of the roofs of new houses tumbling upon the unconscious head. Tom Paine serenely swallows his brandy at Lovell's hotel. The Potomac rolls muddily along—

"So sweetly mawkish and so smoothly dull,"

and *dry-docks* most *rationally* are resolved to rescue, from rot, the remnant of our *Invincible armada.*

—

A writer in the National Ægis, who calls himself "Marcellus", and whose object is to *speak smooth things and prophesy deceit*, very merrily tells the good people of Worcester, that "the President's message should be read by the statesman for its politics, by the Philosopher for its erudition, and by the *Christian* for its *piety*". We have perpetual occasion to remark that the Jacobins are very *sad* dogs, and that, far from favouring us with a sentence of wisdom, they do not dazzle us with a solitary scintillation of wit. But the above diverting extract from the facetious "Marcellus" is an illustrious exception to the remark. If it be witty to yoke strange and incongruous ideas and if laughter be the legitimate offspring of the fantastic marriage, nothing can be more comical than to hear from this merry, this jesting "Marcellus" a single syllable respecting Mr. Jefferson's *Piety.*

—

Tom Paine is said to be predestined by the President to be governor of the ten mile square territory of Columbia, to be generallissimo of the army of Louisiana and *Vice* Admiral of the same.

—

The honourable Christopher *Cudgelled* Esq. is very slowly recovering from his wounds.

Perhaps some *tender* law of the moral state of *Rogue* Island might be applied by way of emollient and cataplasm to scarified honour.

—

The maxim of Paine is that they order these things better in France. He will no doubt keep his favourite mode constantly in view in the composition of his new constitution for the United States, till he has *completely* established the liberties of America and placed them under the safe guard of a First Consul.

—

It may be soon expected that Duane the organ of the public opinion, will inform the public that Tom Paine has been conducted in triumph to the capitol attended by the president and the legion of honour, and after being appointed captain general of the cackling Geese that are to defend the capitol, and calling at Duane's house to "*look at his children*," he will be wafted to *Mal Maison*, alias Monticello.

Black Sall will be ordered to display all her charms. He will be addressed by the democratic societies and return the most gracious answers; and, probably, it will soon be deliberated in Congress, what shall be done for the man whom the President and the *people* delight to honour?

—

It would not be surprising if the excise on whisky and brandy should be re-enacted with great applause to enable the President to give his favorite a final testimony of his friendship, till greater rewards shall be provided by imposing more ample taxes. We remember that the democrats in their toasts have expressed their wish that all the taxes which had been abolished, might be re-enacted, *whenever they should be demanded by a government, that respected the people.* Now, as to respect the people, and to respect the man of the people are one and the same thing, the time for re-enacting these taxes seem to be already arrived.

—

As the French still refuse to make any commercial treaty with England, this is considered by some politicians, as equivalent to a rupture.

—

The poor German princes make of late but a sorry figure being reduced to be the silent and passive instruments of the division of their country, according to the discretion of Bonaparte, who may now say with Satan. "All these are given to me, and to whomsoever I will, I give them."

—

In a district near Bengal, we are told that it is a custom for a debtor to pledge his *wife* to his creditors till the debt is discharged. In all countries it appears that some bankrupts contrive to be *gainers.*

Letter from a Boy at School, to his too indulgent Father.

"Dear Father, I write this on Monday, to go "by the post to-morrow (Tuesday) and it will "reach you on Wednesday—I expect you will "send me money on Thursday, so that I may "receive it on Friday; if not, I shall set out on "Saturday, and be with you on Sunday."

—

SHOOTING MATCH.

Yesterday afternoon the so long talked of match between the celebrated P. Robinson, of Ashe, near Farnham, in Surrey, who has been long considered the best shot in the country, and Samuel Morton, a workman to Mr. Gulley, gun-maker, of Oxford-street, took place at Montpellier Gardens, Walworth. The match was for 400 guineas, to shoot at pigeons flying from the trap, at 22 yards distance, 12 rounds each. Robinson had the first fire, and, although it was acknowledged to be a fine shot, he missed; Morton then fired and brought down his bird—the bets were 3 to 1 on the latter. The 12th shot Morton missed; they were then even. Even betting. The 17th shot Robinson missed, and when it came to the 23d shot, the wager was looked upon as decided, as Robinson could only tie if his adversary missed, and he did not; Morton took a long aim, and although the bird flew well, he missed, and Robinson bringing down his, the match remained undecided. It was then agreed to fire again seven each, in the course of which Robinson missed twice, and Morton once, consequently he is now considered the best shot in England. Robinson has long borne the palm. He shot at pigeons some time ago at Brentford, for a considerable sum, laid between two Noblemen; Robinson was to shoot at 28 pigeons, he brought down 27. This is the first match Morton ever shot. Robinson is well known as one of the best cricket players in England; he shoots left handed, having lost several fingers off his right hand.

London paper.

—

From a Paris paper, entitled, "L'Observateur des Spectacles."

What is *Bon Ton?* Is it an observance of established custom? Is it the *modus in rebus* prescribed by Horace? The *Ton* of people of fashion? Who are the people of fashion? Is a play, written agreeably to Bon Ton, to be pronounced a good one? Are wit, talents, and genius, comprised under that denomination?

Such are the questions which naturally present themselves to all who follow a theatrical career. *Bon Ton* is the rage: in despising it, one might compose an excellent work; but in conforming to it, one is more certain of succeeding with an indifferent piece.

During the ten years that I have heard talk of *Bon Ton*, I have not been able to discover either its residence, or of what it consists. I have seen men of *Bon Ton* without wit, education, knowledge, or taste. It does not therefore consist of wit, taste, or talents!

I have known *Tonish* women to decide on every subject, without understanding any; and to find fault with Moliere for obscene and gross allusions, whilst, in their private circles, they would indulge broad and indecent inuendos. *By Bon Ton*, therefore, we are not always to understand decency.

We used formerly to say—"*the Ton of genteel company.*" This phrase was a sufficient definition. The word *company* has become obsolete; *society* has been its substitute. The latter is now seldom used; but one hears an incessant repetition

of *Bon Ton:* it is therefore possible for *Bon Ton* to exist without either good company or good society.

It is generally acknowledged, that Moliere's plays are of the worst *Ton.* It is however not yet proved that they are consequently bad; but *ton-ish* plays, therefore, are not to be deemed good ones.

Neither tragedy nor comedy are agreeable to *Bon Ton;* therefore, *Bon Ton* does not consist of what makes us laugh or cry.

What then are we to understand by *Bon Ton?*

I expect that *ton-ish* people shall write plays; that they shall be well constructed; have a good deal of the *vis-comica;* that they succeed well; and, that at each theatre, the critics of the pit do judge by the rules of *Bon Ton:* We shall then, Mr. Editor, enter on a new career, and erect a *Theatre* of *Bon Ton* on the ruins of the present.

—

THE CELEBRATED PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Letters from Berlin, of the 11th instant, state—"Shortly before Prince Henry died, he gave orders to Count Rocheymon, his adjutant, to take to the king, his nephew, after his burial, the sword which his royal highness wore during the seven years war, and with which he gained so many brilliant victories for the Prussian Monarchy.

"The Prince's remains were interred on the 5th instant in the chapel of the palace of Rheimberg. His highness himself wrote, some years before his death, his epitaph, which will now be placed upon his tomb. It is in German, to the following purport:—

EPITAPH.

Thrown by birth
into
the vortex of a giddy vapour,
which
the vulgar call glory and grandeur,
but
the nullity of which is too well known to the sage;
a prey to all human infirmities,
tormented by the passions of others,
disturbed by his own,
and
borne down by the loss of beloved relations,
true and faithful friends,
yet often, too, consoled by friendship;
happy in collecting his thoughts,
happier still
where his services could prove useful to his country, or suffering humanity.
This is
a brief sketch of the life of
HENRY FREDERICK LOUIS,
Son of FREDERICK WILLIAM I. King of Prussia,
and of
SOPHIA DOROTHEA, Daughter of Geo. I. King of England.
TRAVELLER!
Remember that perfection is not to be found on earth.
If I was not the best of men,
I did not belong to the number of the bad.
Praise and blame cannot reach him that sleeps in eternity;
but
sweet hope embellishes the last hours of the man who has done his duty:
Nor does it forsake me at this moment!

—

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Saturday evening a new musical farce, called *The Sixty-Third Letter*, written by Mr. OULTON, was performed for the fifth time with great and deserved applause. It is certainly a pleasing and entertaining production, and bids fair to become a great popular favourite. It derives its title from the circumstance of a female novel writer, (ably represented by Mrs. Davenport,) who has proceeded in her romance to the sixty-third letter, when wanting materials, she endeavours to produce extraordinary incidents in her own family. A variety of whimsical situations occur, and the performance is throughout enlivened with sprightly dialogue and pleasing equivoque. Fawcett and Johnstone have characters well suited to their respective talents, and it is needless to say, that each makes the most of his part. The former personates a singing butler, and in the display of his talents, keeps the audience in a continual fit of laughter. Mrs. Mountain has some very pretty airs, which she executes in a very pleasing style. The music is by Dr. Arnold, and is by no means unworthy of his great and distinguished talents.

[*London paper.*

—

When the protestant clergy paid their respects to Buonaparte upon his election for life, he received them with very particular distinction, and detained them near him for an hour and a half. He asked M. Maron how he had escaped the storms of the revolution? "That is very simple, replied Maron, our religion teaches us to obey the authority which governs—we faithfully obeyed all those which so rapidly succeeded each other, and we were never molested." "These, (said the consul) are the sentiments of a truly peaceable religion—you may leave me—I hope every year you may have to solicit for more churches from me, and you may be persuaded they shall be granted to you."

The first consul has made a present to the bishops of Amiens, Autun, Avignon, Arras, Coutance, Evreux, Ghent, Limoges, Meaux, Metz, Mans, Namur, Nancy, Orleans, Soissions, Saint Brieux, Troyes, Versailles, and Vanes, of an episcopal ring, as a testimony of his satisfaction on account of the re-establishment of good harmony between the priests of their dioceses and the destruction of all scenes of schism.

—

TO DOCTOR ANDERSON,

The very ingenious Editor and Biographer of the British Poets, on his arrival at Dromore House, the residence of the Bishop of Dromore, August 8, 1802.

Distinguished stranger! welcome to Dromore,
Welcome to Percy's hospitable dome,
Where every friend of Literary lore,
Where genius always finds himself at home.

As with the father of these blooming shades,
In converse sweet, you pass the classic hour,
Methinks I see the nine harmonious maids,
Conduct your wand'ring steps from bow'r to bow'r.

Whilst Phœbus, leaning from his car on high,
And reining in his fiery courser's speed,
Bends on his fav'rites a benignant eye,
As they along each winding walk proceed.

Even Nature's self, in compliment to you,
Her richest robe of flowing verdure wears,
The skies clear up, the birds their songs renew,
And tardy summer all at once appears.

Friend of the Muses! welcome to Dromore!
May happiness attend you whilst you stay,
And, when again you seek your native shore,
May safety shield you o'er the wat'ry way! T. S.

[*London Paper.*

—

From the Albany Centinel.

Messrs. Printers,

By inserting the following anecdote, you will oblige *a friend to Correct Pronunciation.*

ANECDOTE.

A number of students happening one evening to meet at an inn, the conversation chanced to turn upon the inequality, with which fortune bestowed her favors. Each, in his turn, giving some recent instance of the instability of fortune; the conversation went on with mutual satisfaction, till one being desirous to shew the purity of his principles, and withal his improvement in the fashionable (I had almost said absurd) mode of pronunciation, observed, that "the most splendid forchin was nothing without virchue." This, for a time, put a stop to the conversation. At length another happening to be a little conceited, and being unwilling to be out done, replied, "I ever consider myself the most forchinate when I find most opporchunities of relieving the unforchinate. In all my advenchures nothing so immediately attracts my attention as a fellow creachure pressed under the perpetchual frowns of misforchin. The gratichude of those whom I relieve becomes a source of fucher bliss, and prejuces a degree of quiechude ever resulting from a rectichude of conduct; and enables me to bid defiance to the frowns of misforchin—or if she frown, enables me to bear up with fortichude. Although the many grachuites may lessen the man's income, yet habitchual benevolence projuces inchuitive esteem, which every good man is anxious to deserve, and which will have a tendency to machure those latent seeds of virchue, which, I believe, are planted in every yuman breast. Of what service is the most refined literachure to a man if it projuce not benevolence, nor teach him to be virchuous? What if he be able to tell the latichude and longichude even of the north pole? "What if he can account for all the phenomena of nachure? What if he know the scripchure, and understand all the mysteries of the Jewish ritchual?—I say of what service is all this to a man, while his heart is hard to the poor? Who churns his back upon distress; and whose most pleasing chune is the voice of the distressed widow, and the cries of the helpless orphan! Yes, I repeat it, he churns his back on distress. Can such a man deserve the smiles of forchin? Can virchue, fortichude, gratichude, or quiechude, dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichude?"

"Faith, says one, who had been standing tip toe, all the while, our brother has spoken an excellent oration, but he has *chew'd* it unmercifully."

—

The following is almost a literal translation of a very old and very favorite song among the Westphalian boors. The turn at the end is the same with one of Mr. Dibdin's excellent songs, and the air to which it is sung, by the boors, is remarkably sweet and lively.

When thou to my true-love com'st,
Greet her from me kindly;
When she asks thee how I fare?
Say, folks in Heav'n fare finely.

When she asks, "What! is he sick?"
Say, dead!—and when for sorrow
She begins to sob and cry,
Say, I come to-morrow. [*Lond. pap.*

—

The following lines, engraved on a stone afterwards found to be over the burial place of Prince Henry, the son of James I. without any name upon it, though written in the quaint style of those times, must be admired.

Reader, hence! and ask not me,
Whose these sacred ashes be!
Purposely it is conceal'd;
For the precious name reveal'd,
All that read would sadly sigh,
Melt themselves to tears and die.
In this marble basket lies,
A matchless jewel—heaven's prize;
Which Nature, in the world's disdain,
Just shew'd, and then put up again. [*Ib.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THANKSGIVING STANZAS.

For the rich produce of luxurious vales
For health preserved thro' Autumn's sickly gales,
With thankful bosom and with willing tongue,
We pour, Almighty Lord, the votive song.

Nor be forgot our brethren far away—
Thy hand the raging flames of war can stay,
And for fair peace to Europe's land restor'd,
With grateful heart we thank thee, gracious Lord!

We feel, we feel, by thy protecting power
Alone, that we exist from hour to hour;
'Tis thou inspirest the heart and guid'st the tongue,
Almighty Lord! to pour the votive song.

Thro' weal, thro' woe, forever may we be,
Freely submitted to thine high decree,
And tho' we suffer, still with glad accord,
Thank the correcting hand, and own a gracious Lord.

—

IMITATIVE SKETCH OF HORACE, ODE 15. BOOK 3.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN THOMAM, JAM SENEM.

Cease, cease, old man, for soon you must,
Your faithless cunning, pride, and lust,
Which Death shall quickly level:
Thy cobweb'd Bible ope again;
Quit thy blaspheming crony, *Paine*,
And think upon the *Devil*.

Resume thy shells and butterflies,
Thy beetle's heads, and lizard's thighs,
The state no more controul:
Thy tricks, with *sooty Sal*, give o'er;
Indulge thy body, Tom, no more;
But try to save thy *soul*.

What suits *beau Dawson*, suits not thee,
Beau Dawson's brisk as any bee,
Thou feeble art, alack!
And as thy yellow lanthorn phiz,
Was long, of each *white* maid, the quiz,
It e'en now bores the *black*.

* Tandem nequiti fige modum tua,
Famosisque laboribus.
Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoen satis,
Et te, Chlori, decet * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

—

ANACREONTIC.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND COMMA

Bring the wine, and fill the glass,
Bid the glowing goblet pass,
Banish care and serious thinking,
What has care to do with drinking?
While the heavenly juice we quaff,
Love floats on the inspiring draught,
Haste thee, boy, the çigars bring,
Let us drink, and smoke, and sing.
As the fragrant perfume flies,
And in air dissolves and dies,
So let care dissolve away,
Till it leave us blythe and gay.
Fair of fairest, tell me why,
Askance you turn thy beaming eye,
Why you frown, as thus I sip
Perfume from the çigars' tip.
Does the smoke offend thee, know
Loves on every *curlet* flow,
Cupids play around the room,
Sporting on the rich perfume.
Come then, fair, enjoy with me,
Wit and wine, and revelry—
Youth's too short for pleasure, pray
Gather *roses* while you may.
Round thy brows a chaplet twine,
Twine thy roses with the vine,
Bring the flagon, haste thee, fill
The foaming goblet—fuller still.
For I would drink and drive from me,
That gloomy fiend, Anxiety,
Let the soft ton'd flute inspire,
Fervent love, and soft desire.
Strike the lyre, Oh, strike again,
Still repeat the dulcet strain.
Life is short, and choak'd with care,
Let us of the thorns beware,
Every day and hour employ,
In song, in love, in wine, and joy,

Cambridge, Dec. 1802.

—

FROM THE GERMAN.

TO HEBE.

A SONG.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lo! in solemn, soft repose,
Nature, now, to silence yields;
And from clouds fast-flitting flows,
Soft refreshment to the fields.
Hebe! lo! the feather'd quire,
Perch'd on yonder rose-bush sleep—
The sinking sun, in golden fire,
Paints his image on the deep—

Thus, alas! in darkness ending,
Soon my day-light too shall sink;
Thus my life is quick descending,
To the deep grave's gloomy brink!
Ah! Hebe! since bereft of you,
In wilds I wander, dark and drear;
My cheeks have lost their roseate hue,
And pale, as Cynthia's beams, appear.

My Hebe's bosom to adorn,
As once a child of spring I chose,
Deep, in my finger, pierc'd the thorn,
And sprinkled, with my blood, the rose:
And Oh! may such, forever be,
My Hebe's lot, compar'd with mine;
Be all the *thorns* of life for me,
If all its *roses* be but thine!

—

THE CHOICE OF LIFE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Free from the rude unmeaning noise
Of busy and tumultuous joys,
In some secluded, calm, retreat,
Where nature sports in wildest mood,
Along the margin of a wood,
By feather'd songsters made more sweet.

Where, wandring with incessant maze,
A murm'ring brook its antics plays,
Midst banks of green embow'ring shade,
Let Spring her choicest bounties spread,
To charm, when by fond fancy led,
I court the heav'nly sisters' aid.

Here let my humble cottage stand,
No gaudy castles I demand,
With turrets rais'd to prop the skies:
Those toys may sooth ambition's breast—
With cheerful independence blest,
Nor wealth, nor power, my wishes prize.
Within the boast of ev'ry age,
Who grac'd the Muse's sacred page,
Shall all my happy hours solace:
As from my window I survey,
The varied landscape's wide display,
And learn great Nature's form to trace.

To cull each virtue of the grove,
Then through all animation rove,
The air, or earth, or waves among;
Their birth, their life, their end explore,
And treasure up the hallow'd store,
To add new beauties to my song.

And when stern winter robs the scene,
Of all this bright array of green,
And scatters desolation wide;
To yonder mountain's top I'll haste,
View all around the awful waste,
And riot in its naked pride.

Then SHAKESPEARE, Nature's boasted son!
Shall cheer the absence of the sun,
Or COLLINS paint the wild sublime;
Or by the paths, which THOMSON trod,
I'll mount aloft to Nature's God,
And sing the endless range of time.

Or, quitting Fancy's airy plan,
With POPE I'll seek the heart of man,
And strive its secrets to display;
To his and JOHNSON'S rage aspire,
"And chase" with satire's cleansing fire,
"The new-blown bubbles of the day."

Enough the Muse!—And when a friend,
Shall to my peaceful cottage bend,
The charm such intercourse bestows,
With gratitude, devoid of art,
I'll meet his kindness with a heart,
Where friendship's warmest current flows.

Thus free from warring passion's strife,
I'd pass a calm, sequester'd life,
And when the hour of fate has pass'd,
On the plain stone that guards my head,
May these few, artless, lines be read;
(There by some kindred spirit plac'd.)

"Beneath this humble sod is laid,
One who, within this silent shade,
Died, as he liv'd, with life content:
Devoted to the Muse, his mind
Enjoy'd the bliss of human kind,
And knew their suff'rings to lament."

FERDINANDO.

—

AN EXPOSTULATION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

How short are the pleasures of love!
Soon faded the charms of each lass!
But wine by its *age* will improve—
Then why should not I take a glass?

A.

—

EPIGRAM.

Gripus, invited to a feast,
Sat down a well contented guest,
Of meat devour'd full many a pound,
In bumpers pledg'd each person round;
When, having ate his fill, he cry'd,
"I like a table, well supply'd:
The smoaking sirloin glads my eye,
The turkey, chine, and savory pie."
True, Gripus, but its merit's lost,
If spread not, at *another's cost*.

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